

# Jedi Mind Tricks, Kublai Khan

[Vinnie Paz]

God hates me, never keep my banger on safety  
My mother raised me alone, you can't break me  
My hearts pumpin the blood of Royce Gracie  
My thoughts dumpin the slug and point straightly  
You rhyme fakely, you still scarred  
I'm studing deep thoughts like Bill Maher  
I'm real raw, we just dumbin it out  
And y'all ain't sayin nothin with a gun in yo mouth  
Thats what I'm about, but Vinnie Paz go deeper  
Y'all still under the spell of dose ether  
The Grim Reaper, its all nature  
And every word from Allah is on paper  
We all hate ya, we can't stand you  
Chapter 8, verse 3, book of Daniel  
You like a candle, you just burn  
You never worship Allah, you can't learn

[Chorus Stoupe]

[Goretex]

Chemicle, space ships, see dust splits, hit from the Matrix  
Pig Destroyer, Anakis kiss, splatter your patriots  
Make coast stops, injectin my pockets with Votox  
Laytex bitches be chokin on cock like Blow-Pops  
My flows hot, my glocks like a popular friend  
Sniffin Oxy-Cottin, we rock till the popular says  
Merciful fate, we at the gates, I hurt you for cake  
Cause Red Planets like a Shit Magnet, it counters with Jay  
Digital cuffs, runnin from the D's and the fuzz  
Gut you out, rock Gas Mask, bleedin an stuff  
Into the void like blue velvet, goons and clerics  
New syntetic designer jewels for moods in deserts  
In heaven and earth, barcodes to measure my girth  
Thats like the J.D.L. joinin the zoo relation for turf  
Birth of the solar, we did so, write for the cobra  
God teks me, and we all stand with iced out clothes

[Chorus Stoupe]

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Check it.. yo.. yo

Now where it be's like, niggaz wanna stay tight, I stay right  
Face fight, get your weak, split, shit then I spit  
Most Acurate, Flex writin back a bit  
range on the side of it Yo I'm tryin to get a lot of it  
I rock that exotic shit, spit the hottest shit  
Yo trial, might get the same time ya oughta get  
Death before dishonor shit, gangster persona shit  
Jedi Mind, 2-5 is who I'm probably with  
When Im tryin to score the third, its who I holler with  
Yo hood, its my project, exchange objects  
Yo guns for my teks, yo range for my lex  
Q.B. to Philly, we control sets  
I stay splurgin, heads stay wrapped in Turbans  
Tigher than a Virgin of Ford Excursion, nigga  
So how you figure that we don't be reppin  
Hoes sell weapons in the Dodge Intremped, nigga

[Chorus Stoupe]

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo Stoupe, whattup baby, whats good

Jedi Mind, the gracious, 2-5 collabo